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Poetry.

Winter Sermon.

Thou dwellest in a warm and cheerful home,
Thy roof in vain the winter tempest lashes:
While houseless wretches round thy mansion roam,
On whose unsheltered head the torrent splashes.

Thy board is loaded with the richest meats,
O'er which thine eyes in sated languor wander;
Many might live on what thy mastiff eats,
Or feast on fragments which thy servants squander.

Thy limbs are muffled from the piercing blast,
When from thy fireside corner thou dost sally;
Many have scarce a rag about them cast,
With which the frosty breezes toy and dally.

Thou hast soft smiles to greet thy kiss of love,
When thy light steps resounds within the portal;
Some have no friend save Him who dwells above,
No sweet communion with a fellow mortal.

Thou sleepest soundly on thy costly bed,
Lulled by the power of luxuries unnumbered;
Some pillow on a stone an aching head,
Never again to wake when they have slumbered.

Then think of those, who, formed of kindred clay,
Depend upon the doles thy bounty scatters;
And God will hear them for thy welfare pray—
They are his children though in rags and tatters.

THE EXTINCT AMERICAN RACE.—Amidst the plains of North America some powerful nation, which has disappeared, constructed circular, square, and octagonal fortifications: walls, 6000 toises in length; tumuli, from 700 to 800 feet in diameter, and 140 feet in height, sometimes round, sometimes with several stories, and containing thousands of skeletons, the remains of men less slender and more squat than the present inhabitants of those countries. On a vast space of ground on the Lower Orinoco, as well as on the banks of the Casiquiare, and between the sources of the Essequibo and the Rio Braco, there are rocks of granite covered with symbolic figures. These sculptures denote that the extinct generations belonged to nations different from those which now inhabit the same region.—*Humboldt's Travels.*

PROFITS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.—It is said that Washington Irving and "Peter Parley" have made large fortunes by authorship, as has Mr. Mitchell, by his school books. Professor Anthon, for his series of classics, has received $60,000. Miss Warner's books have yielded a profit of from $12,000 to $15,000. Mr. Headley has realized from his works, $40,000; Ike Marvel, $20,000; Miss Leslie, $12,000; Dr. Barnes, $30,000; Fanny Fern, from one small book, in six months, $6,000; Judge Kent, $120,000; Webster, for his Dictionary, $180,000, and others at equal rates. So that it cannot be said that American authorship is not profitable.

A DARK DAY COMING.—On Friday, the 26th of May next,—unlucky Friday, of course,—there will be an annular eclipse of the Sun. It will continue about two hours and fifteen minutes, obscuring about eleven-twelfths of the sun. This extraordinary eclipse will be similar to that of 1806. So say the Almanac-makers.

☞ Sidney Smith says, "Every animal has its enemies; the land tortoise has two enemies—man and the boa constrictor. Man takes him home and roasts him: and the boa constrictor swallows him whole, shell and all, and consumes him slowly in the interior, as the Court of Chancery does a great estate."

Miscellany.

From the New York Evening Post.

Col. Benton's History.—Last Visit of Lafayette to the United States.

In the summer of the year 1824, Gen. Lafayette, accompanied by his son, Mr. George Washington Lafayette, and under an invitation from the President, revisited the United States after a lapse of forty years. He was received with unbounded honor, affection and gratitude by the American people. To the survivors of the Revolution, it was the return of an brother; to the new generation, born since that time, it was the apparition of an historical character, familiar from the cradle; combining all the titles to love, admiration, gratitude, enthusiasm which would act upon the heart and the imagination of the young and the ardent. He visited every State in the Union, doubled in number since; as the friend and pupil of Washington, he had spilt his blood and lavished his fortune for their independence. His progress through the states was a triumphal procession, such as no Roman ever led up—a procession not through a city but over a continent—followed, not by captives in chains of iron, but by a nation in the bonds of affection. To him it was an unexpected and overpowering reception. His modest estimate of himself had not allowed him to suppose that he was to electrify a continent. He expected kindness, but not enthusiasm. He expected to meet with surviving friends, not to rouse a young generation. As he approached the harbor of New York, he made inquiry of some acquaintance to know whether he could find a hack to convey him to a hotel? Illustrious man, and modest as illustrious! Little did he know that all America was on foot to receive him—to take possession of him the moment he touched her soil—to fetch and to carry him—to feast and applaud him—to make him the guest of the cities, states and the nation, as long as he could be detained. Many were the happy meetings which he had with old comrades, survivors, for near half a century, of their hardships and dangers; and most greatful to his heart it was to see them, so many of them, exceptions to the maxim which denies to the beginners of revolutions the good fortune to conclude them, (and of which maxim his own country had just been so sad an exemplification,) and to see his own old comrades conclude the one they began, and live to enjoy its fruits and honors. Three of his old associates he found ex-Presidents (Adams, Jefferson and Madison,) enjoying the respect and affection of their country, after having reached its highest honors. Another, and the last one that Time would admit to the Presidency, (Mr Monroe,) now in the Presidential chair, and inviting him to visit the land of his adoption. Many of his early associates were seen in the two Houses of Congress—many in the State Governments, and many more in all the walks of private life, patriarchal sires, respected for their characters and venerated for their patriotic service.

It was a grateful spectacle, and the more impressive from the calamitous fate which he had seen attended so many of the revolutionary patriots of the Old World. But the enthusiasm of the young generation astonished and excited him, and gave him a new view of himself—and such as he would be seen in after ages. Before them, he was in the presence of posterity; and in their applause and admiration he saw his own future place in history, passing down to the latest time as one of the most perfect and beautiful characters which one of the most eventful periods of the world had produced. Mr. Clay, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the organ of their congratulations to Lafayette, (when he was received in the hall of the House,) very felicitously seized the idea of his present confrontation with posterity, and adorned and amplified it with the graces of oratory. He said:

"The vain wish has been sometimes indulged, that Providence would allow the patriot, after death, to return to his country, and to contemplate the immediate changes which had taken place—to view the forests felled, the cities built, the mountains levelled, canals cut, highways opened, the progress of the arts, the advancement of learning, and the increase of population. General, your present visit to the United States is the realization of the consoling object of that wish hitherto vain. You are in the midst of posterity! Everywhere you must have been struck with the great changes, physical and moral, which have occurred since you left us. Even this very city, bearing a venerated name, alike endearing to you and to us, has since emerged from the forest which then covered its site. In one respect you behold us unaltered, and that is, in the sentiment of continued devotion to liberty, and of ardent affection and profound gratitude to your departed friend, the father of his country, and to your illustrious associates in the field and in the cabinet, for the multiplied blessings which surround us, and for the very privilege of addressing you which I now have."

He was received in both Houses of Congress with equal honor: but the Houses did not limit themselves to honors; they added substantial rewards for long past services and sacrifices—two hundred thousand dollars in money, and twenty-four thousand acres of fertile land in Florida. These noble grants did not pass without objection—objection to the principle, not to the amount. The ingratitude of Republics is the theme of any declaimer: it required a Tacitus to say, that ingratitude was the death of Republics and the birth of Monarchies; and it belongs to the people of the United States to exhibit an exception to that profound remark, (as they do to so many other lessons of history,) and show a young Republic that knows how to be grateful without being unwise, and is able to pay the debt of gratitude without giving its liberties in discharge of the obligation. The venerable Mr. Macon, yielding to no one in love and admiration of Lafayette, and appreciation of his services and sacrifices in the American cause, opposed the grants in the Senate, and did it with the honesty of purpose and the simplicity of language which distinguished his life. He said:

"It was with painful reluctance, that he felt himself obliged to oppose his voice to the passage of this bill. He admitted to the full extent claimed for them, the great and meritorious services of General Lafayette, and he did not object to the precise sum which this bill proposed to award him, but he objected to the bill on this ground: he considered General Lafayette, to all intents and purposes, having been, during our revolution, a son adopted into the family, taken into the household, and placed, in every respect, on the same footing with the other sons of the same family. To treat him as others were treated, was all, in this view of his relation to us, that could be required, and this had been done. That General Lafayette made great sacrifices, and spent much of his money in the service of this country, (said Mr. M.,) I as firmly believe as I do any other thing under the sun. I have no doubt that every faculty of his mind and body were exerted in the revolutionary war, in defence of this country; but this was equally the case with all the sons of the family. Many native Americans spent their all, made great sacrifices, and devoted their lives in the same cause. This was the ground of his objection to this bill, which, he repeated, it was as disagreeable to him to state as it could be to the Senate to hear. He did not mean to take up the time of the Senate to debate upon the principles of the bill or to move any amendment to it. He admitted that, when such things were done, they should be done with a free hand. It was to the principle of the bill, therefore, and not to the sums proposed to be given by it, that he objected."

The ardent Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, reporter of the bill in the Senate, replied to the objections, and first showed from history (not from Lafayette, who would have nothing to do with the proposed grant) his advances, losses and sacrifices in our cause. He had expended for the American service, in six years, from 1777 to '83, the sum of 700,000 francs ($140,000) and under what circumstances?—a foreigner, owing us nothing, and throwing his fortune into the scale with his life, to be lavished in our cause. He left the enjoyments of rank and fortune, and the endearments of his family, to come and serve in our almost destitute armies, and without pay. He equipped and armed a regiment for our service, and freighted a vessel to us, loaded with arms and munitions. It was not till the year 1794, when almost ruined by the French revolution, and by his efforts in the cause of liberty, that he would receive the naked pay, without interest, of a general officer for the time he had served with us.

He was entitled to land as one of the officers of the revolution, and 11,500 acres was granted to him, to be located on any of the public lands of the United States. His agent located one thousand acres adjoining New Orleans; and Congress afterwards, not being informed of the location, granted the same ground to the city of New Orleans. His location was valid, and he was so informed; but he refused to adhere to it, saying that he would have no contest with any portion of the American people, and ordered the location to be removed; which was done, and carried upon ground of little value—thus giving up what was then worth $50,000, and now $500,000. These were his money advances, losses and sacrifices, great in themselves, and of great value to our cause, but perhaps, exceeded by the moral effect of his example in joining us, and his influence with the king and ministry, which procured us the alliance of France.

The grants were voted with great unanimity and with the general concurrence of the American people. Mr. Jefferson was warmly for them, giving as a reason, in a conversation with me, while the grants were depending (for the bill was passed in the Christmas holidays, when I had gone to Virginia and took the opportunity to call upon the great man,) which showed his regard for liberty abroad as well as at home, and his far-seeing sagacity into future events. He said there would be a change in France, and Lafayette would be at the head of it, and ought to be easy and independent in his circumstances, to be able to act efficiently in conducting the movement.—This he said to me on Christmas day, 1824. Six years afterwards this view into futurity was verified. The old Bourbons had to retire. The Duke of Orleans, a brave general in the republican armies, at the commencement of the revolution, was handed to the throne by Lafayette, and became the 'citizen king, surrounded by republican institutions.' And in this Lafayette was constant and sincere. He was a republican himself, but deemed a constitutional monarchy the proper government for France, and labored for that form in the person of Louis XVI., as well as in that of Louis Philippe.

Loaded with honors, and with every feeling of heart gratified in the noble reception he had met in the country of his adoption, Lafayette returned to the country of his birth the following summer, still as the guest of the United States, and under its flag. He was carried back in a national ship of war, the new frigate Brandywine, a delicate compliment (in the name and selections of the ship) from the new President, Mr. Adams. Lafayette having wet with his blood the sanguinary battle-field which takes its name from the little stream which gave it first to the field, and then to the frigate. Mr. Monroe, then a subaltern in the service of the United States, was wounded at the same time. How honorable to themselves and to the American people, that nearly fifty years afterwards they should again appear together, and in exalted station; one as President, inviting the other to the great republic, and signing the acts which testified a nation's gratitude, the other as a patriot hero, tried in the revolutions of two countries, and resplendent in the glory of virtuous and consistent fame.

Goethe upon Lord Byron.

Lord Byron was altogether in the dark about himself. He lived most passionately from day to day, and he never knew and cared what he was about. Indulging himself with every license, and approving of nothing in others, it was natural that he should be at war with himself, and the world with him. From the very beginning, he offended the most eminent writers with his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

At a later period, he could not live with them without taking a step backwards, and revoking some of the better things he had said. In his works he continued his opposition and censure; he attacked the State and the Church. This inconsiderate opposition compelled him, at length, to leave England, and, in the course of time, it would have driven him out of Europe. Everything was too narrow for him. Enjoying as he did the most unlimited personal liberty, he felt himself oppressed; to him the world was a prison. He went to Greece, not from his own free will, but because his false position to the world compelled him to take that step.

His renouncing all tradition, and all patriotism, was his ruin, and his revolutionary tendencies, and his agitation of mind, prevented a proper developement of his talents. This eternal opposition and censure is, moreover, highly derogatory to his excellent works, such as they are. For not only does the reader share the poet's discomfort, but all this opposition tends to negation, and negation is nothing. What can be the advantage of saying that bad things are bad? And when I say that good things are bad, I do a great deal of harm. Whoever would do good in the world, ought not to deal in censure, he ought not to pay any attention to what is wrong, and he ought always to do that which is good. We ought not to destroy, but we ought to construct what may be pleasing to humanity.

Lord Byron is to be considered as a man, as an Englishman, and as a great genius. He derives his good qualities from his quality as a man; his bad qualities are owing to his being an Englishman and a peer of the realm. His genius is incommensurable.

All Englishmen, as such, are without reflection. Dissapation and party spirit prevent all quiet developement. But they are great as practical men.

Lord Byron, for instance, was never able to reflect on himself, and reflections generally were by no means his *forte*, as is proved by his motto: "Plenty of money and no government;" for plenty of money makes in fact no government.

But he succeeds in all he produces, and of him it may be said that inspiration supplies the want of reflection. He was always a poet, and hence what came from the man, and chiefly what came from his heart, was excellent. He came by his pieces as women come by pretty children; they do not think of them, and do not know how or in what way.

His is a great and innate genius, and I have never known of any one who possessed true poetic power to such an extent as he. In his conceptions of the world, and his clear view of the past, he is as great as Shakspeare. But Shakspeare's pure individuality is more powerful. Byron knew this, and that is the reason why he does not say much about Shakspeare, though he had whole scenes from his plays in his memory. He would gladly have ignored him, for Shakspeare's humour is a stumbling-stone in his path; he feels that he cannot compete with it. He did not ignore Pope, because he had no reason to fear him. He respects him, and quotes him on all occasions, for he is well aware that Pope is a mere wall compared with him.

His high rank, as an English peer, was very obnoxious to Byron. Every genius is hampered by the outer world, and much more so a genius whose lot is cast in a high position, and who is encumbered with wealth. A certain middle state is most congenial to genius; hence all great artists and poets spring from the middle classes. Byron's passion for the unlimited would not have been so dangerous to him, if his birth had been lower, and his means smaller. But as it was, he had it in his power to do all he wished to do, to follow the impulse of the moment, and this entangled him in numberless quarrels. Besides, how could a man of high rank have respect and consideration for any other class? He gave utterance to every movement of his soul, and he was consequently always engaged in a conflict with the world.

It is a curious fact, that a great portion of the life of a high born and wealthy Englishman is spent in elopements and duels. Lord Byron himself tells us that his father ran away with three women. Under such circumstances, how can a man be expected to be a steady son?

He lived always in a state of nature, and he must always have been sensible of the necessity of self-defence. Hence his practice of pistol-shooting. He might expect a challenge at every hour in the day. He could not live a solitary life; hence, in spite of all his whimsicalities, he was very indulgent to his companion. For a poet, he was really as quiet as a lamb.

Byron would be much greater as a poet if all his opposition had vented itself in parliament. But as he scarcely came to make a speech, he kept all his invectives against his nation in his own heart, and nothing was left to him but to work them up into poetry. A great many instances of Byron's negative spirit may be designed as *Speeches out of doors.*

Byron's *Cain* shows how unsatisfactory the Church doctrine was to a fine mind like his, and how he struggled by means of that piece to emancipate himself from a doctrine which had been forced upon him. The English clergy have no reason to be grateful to him.

Byron's women are capital. Woman, indeed, is the only vessel into which we moderns may pour our ideality. Homer has anticipated everything else in his Achilles and Odysseus; the bravest man and the wisest.

Although Byron died at an early age, it cannot be said that literature lost much. Byron could not go farther. He had reached the summit of his creative power, and however much he might have written, he could not have enlarged the limits which were fixed for his genius. In that incomprehensible poem of the *Last Judgment*, he went to the extremes of his capabilities.

The Suborned Witness.

It was quite a little dinner party in Dorchester. There was present, Daniel Webster, Joseph T. Buckingham, then of the Boston *Galaxy*, Charles Thatcher, Samuel Upton, and Josiah Bradlee, the three great merchants of Boston, Edward Everett, and Andrew Dunlap, afterwards United States District Attorney for Massachusetts.

When it came Mr. Webster's turn to speak, he told of his first case in Salisbury, where an old man by the name of Searle had to defend himself against a charge of having set his shop on fire, for the purpose of receiving his insurance money. The case was turned upon the testimony of a witness for the prosecution by the name of F. Fisk, whom Mr. Webster most solemnly believed to have been suborned by a warm personal enemy of old Searle, named Emerling. This man Fisk gave his story from the witness stand as if it had been written and studied for repetition. He used the words "the *said* Searle, the *said* Emerling," quite out of his own natural way of speech, but from of his story no cross examination of Webster could bring him. He would go right back to it, making use of the same phrases, and no bluster moved him.

The judge and jury began to be impatient; they had been led to believe, from the strong asseverations of the counsel for Searle, that he would come off triumphant; but the testimony of Fisk, an ignorant and unlettered man, was nevertheless so succinct and so consistent—saying nothing but about the case, and full of all facts necessary to sustain it—that their minds were evidently made up, and they were only thinking of their dinner. It was close on two o'clock, when the court usually adjourned to dinner, and yet Mr. Webster continued his questions, with repetitions, which provoked reproof from the Court, but which, from the urbane manner of Mr. Webster, at last resulted in an order for adjournment, to the afternoon session, with leave to Mr. Webster to go on with his investigation then to his heart's content.

Old Searle seized the arm of Mr. Webster as the crowd left the court, with all the agony of a drowning man, and whispered into his ear with trembling accents, that Fisk was only telling the lies which Emerling had taught him to repeat. The court and the bar went to dine, the crowd separated. Mr. Webster stood apart, and while he was in despair in the fearful certainty of losing a case which he believed ought not to be lost, he saw the man Fisk retire to an obscure place, and take from his waistcoat pocket a paper which he consulted with all apparent earnestness. The lips of the man moved, and his gestures were animated as he returned it to his pocket and went to the tavern bar room and drank a glass of brandy and water. Presently the court house bell rang and the witness was again upon the stand.

Webster—"You say you never received any letter from Emerling?"

Witness—"Yes. The said Emerling never wrote to me."

Webster—"Do you know his hand writing?"

Witness—"No, I never saw it."

Mr. Webster rose as if to look at a book lying near the witness' box, and while the attention of Fisk was drawn to this movement, Mr. Webster suddenly thrust his hand into the waistcoat pocket, where he had seen the paper placed, which the witness was perusing during the adjournment, and quietly returned with it to the bar, in spite of the quick convulsive clutch of Fisk, which was shaken off by Mr. Webster, who after a hasty perusal of it said—

"I hold here the whole written instructions of the man Emerling, to the witness, Fisk, the story written out by Emerling as it has been repeated by Fisk, word for word, on that stand. He has just declared that he never received letters from Emerling, and did not know his hand writing. Mr. Foreman, will you please be sworn, and see if you know this writing to be that of Emerling?"

It was proved, it was read, it was handed to the court; and during all this time you could have heard a cricket chirp in that court room. You should have seen old Searle in these moments as he stood behind Mr. Webster, his hands holding hard upon the railing of the bar, his chin quivering like the mouth of a rabbit, and big tears trickling down his lank dry cheeks. O, it was a happy freedom of truth from the fangs of wrong! There was not a word of hesitation in the verdict; and bench warrants were forthwith issued against Fisk for perjury, and against Emerling for the subordination of perjury.

The cry of the crowd, as they dispersed, was to the wonder, how that black-eyed fellow, Daniel Webster, looked right into the waistcoat pocket of the rascal witness.

MEANING OF HOMERIC NAMES.—The following is from a recent lecture on "The Women of Homer," by Prof. E. North, of Hamilton College:—"Homer's idea of what contributes to a woman's praise is hinted at in the names by which his heroines are designated. These names are not given to keep alive a grandmother's memory; nor because they are musical or fashionable; nor because novelists have clothed them with a fictitious charm; but for the sake of their significance. Andromache, when interpreted, means 'the hero's battle-prize;' Theano, 'the heavenly minded;' Areta, 'the sought-for;' Calianassa, 'ruling by beauty;' Hecamede, 'the far-thoughted;' Eurycles, 'the widely-praised;' Iphimedea, 'the strong-thinker;' Polyxena, 'the very hospitable;' Nausicaa, 'the ship-gaited,' (in allusion to her easy and graceful movements;) Penolope, 'the web-unraveller,' — and thereby hangs a proverb. 'The weaving of Penelope's web' is, at this day, a proverbial phrase for the doing of a deed that is never finished. Penelope was pressed to select a second husband from the many princely suitors for her hand. She promised to think of the matter, after she had woven a shroud for the aged hero, Laertes. Her trick to prolong the weaving of the shroud is thus described by herself: 'During the day, I wove the large web, but by night, when the torches were lit, I unravelled it. Thus, for three years, I kept clear of the suitors; but when the fourth year came, they found me out, through the connivance of my maid-servants—careless creatures!—and they gave me a scolding. Then I finished the shroud, though against my will, and by compulsion.'"

Discovery of Van Diemen's Land.—Sentimental Geography.

Anthony Van Diemen, Governor of Batavia, had a daughter, whose name was Maria. Since she was not only charming and accomplished, but also the child of a rich papa, who was Governor of the Dutch East Indies, Maria's image was impressed on many a heart and she had no lack of suitors. There were great men among them; but, maiden-like perversity, Maria most favored a poor young sailor—a handsome, dashing fellow, who was very skilful in his business, but had no pockets, or no use for any. The young sailor's name was Abel Jansen Tasman. He was devoted to Maria heart and soul, had exchanged pledges with her, and had brought matters to so serious a pass that the proud father determined to put the young adventurer quietly and courteously out of sight; the doing so he took to be a better and more fatherly course than the institution of a great family quarrel. That his Maria should become Mrs. Tasman, he knew very well was a thing not for a moment to be thought of. Whoever won his daughter must have wealth and a patent of nobility. She was no fit mate for a poor sailor. Tasman, however, could be easily dismissed from dangling after her.

The Batavian traders had at that time a vague notion that there was a vast continent—an unknown Austral land somewhere near the South Pole; and Van Diemen determined to send Tasman out to see about it. If he never came back it would be no matter, but, at any rate, he would be certainly a long time gone. Van Diemen therefore fitted out an expedition, and gave to young Tasman the command of it.

Off the young fellow set in the year 1642; and like an enamored swain as he was the first new ground he discovered—a considerable stretch of land, now forming a very well known English colony—he name after his dear love Van Diemen's Land, and put Miss Van Diemen's Christian name besides, by patronymic, by giving the name of Maria to a small adjoining Island close to the southeastern extremity of the new land. That land—Van Diemen's Land—we have of late begun very generally to call after its discoverer, Tasmania.

Continuing his journey southward, the young sailor anchored his ships on the 13th of December, in a sheltered bay, which he called Moodenar's (Murderer's) Bay, because the natives there attacked his ships, and killed three of his men.

Travelling on, he reached, after some days, the islands which he called after the three kings, because he saw them on the feast of the Epiphany, and then, coming upon New Zealand from the North, he called it in a patriotic way, after the States of Holland, Staten Land, but the extreme northern point of it, a fine bold headland jutting out into the sea, strong as his love, he entitled again Cape Maria—for he had gone out resolved, not indeed to "carve her name on trunks of trees," but to do his mistress the same sort of honor in a way that would be nobler, manlier, and more enduring.

After a long and prosperous voyage, graced by one or two more discoveries, Tasman came back to Batavia. He had more than earned his wife; for he had won for himself sudden and high renown, court favor, rank, fortune. Governor Van Diemen got a famous son-in-law, and there was no cross to the rest of the career of the most comfortable married couple, Abel and Maria. Tasman did not make another journey to New Zealand; it remained unvisited until 1769, when it was rediscovered by Captain Cook, who very quickly recognized it as a portion of the land that had been first seen by the love-lorn sailor.

Viviparous Fish.

Among the many recent and rich developments of California, not one, perhaps, has been more unexpected to the scientific world than that of the extraordinary fishes discovered by Passed Midshipman Alonzo C. Jackson, in San Salita bay. A notice of them will be found in the November number of the American Journal of Science, written by Professor Louis Agassiz.

We give the account of his discovery in his own words. He says, in his letter to Professor Agassiz.

"On the 7th of June, I rose early in the morning for the purpose of taking a mess of fish for breakfast, pulled to the usual place, baited with crabs, and commenced fishing, the wind blowing too strong for profitable angling; nevertheless, on the first or second casts, I fastened the two fishes, male and female, that I write about, and such were their liveliness and strength that they endangered my slight trout rod. I, however, succeeded in bagging both, though in half an hour's subsequent work I got not even a nibble from either this or any other species of fish. I determined to change the bait, to put upon my hook a portion of the fish already caught, and cut for that purpose into the largest of the two, when, what was my surprise to see coming from the opening thus made a small fish! This I at first supposed to be prey which this fish had swallowed; but on further opening the fish, I was vastly astonished to find, next to the back of the fish, and slightly attached to it, a long, very light, violet bag, so clear and so transparent that I could already distinguish through it, the shape, color, and formation of a multitude of small fish (all fac-similes of each other) with which it was well filled.

"I took it on board, (we were occupying a small vessel which we had purchased for surveying purposes,) and when I opened the bag I took therefrom eighteen more of the young fishes, precisely alike in size, shape, and color, the first I had accidentally extracted. The mother was very large round her centre, and of a very dark brown color, approaching about the back and on the fins a black color, and a remarkably vigorous fish. The young which I took from her were in shape, have as to rotundity, perfect miniatures of the mother, formed like he, and of the same general proportions, except that the old one was much broader and wider between the top of the dorsal and ventral fins, in proportion to her length, than the young were. As to the color, they were, in all respects, like the mother, though the shades were many degrees lighter. They had, too, the same peculiar mouth, the same position and shape of the fins, and the same eyes and gills, and there cannot remain in the mind of any one who sees the fish in the same state that I did a single doubt that these young were the offspring of the fish from whose body I took them, and that this species of fish gives birth to her young alive and perfectly formed, and adapted to seek its own livelihood in the water. The number of young in the bag was nineteen, and every one as brisk and lively, and as much at home in a bucket of salt water as if they had been for months accustomed to it."

The late Bishop Ives.

A clergyman, who is the pastor of what is called in New England, "an orthodox congregation," and whose flock worship God in a small but beautiful tabernacle in the ancient town of Taunton, Massachusetts, is now engaged in making the tour of Europe and Asia. We believe his name is Maltby. Since he reached Europe, he has employed himself in writing a series of letters, descriptive of the countries he has visited. The author of these epistles was in Rome, on the 21th of November last, and, with some forty Americans, celebrated "a New England thanksgiving," in the Chapel of the American Legation in that city. Among them, says the reverend gentleman, there were lawyers, doctors, clergymen, manufacturers, planters, and representatives from the Catholic, Presbyterian, Baptist, Orthodox Congregationalist, and Unitarian denominations. Old Hundred was sung with great energy and feeling; the utmost harmony prevailed; speeches were made, toasts were drank; and everything passed off, precisely as if the party had assembled in Boston or any other city in New England.

Among the persons present, was the Reverend Doctor Ives, formerly of Connecticut, and lately Bishop of North Carolina, whose accession to the Church of Rome, the last year, produced great excitement and sensation. The reverenced tourist thus speaks of him:

"One of our party was the Rev. Dr. Ives, late bishop of the Episcopal Church in North Carolina. And I here take the opportunity of saying, lest I should forget it hereafter, that this gentleman is not insane, as the American papers have declared, but as perfectly in his right mind as any of the bishops of the church he has forsaken. I have seen him very often, and heard him explain the process of his conversion, step by step, and am satisfied that the change was most deliberately made, without any undue excitement or external influence. If I had started from the point where he started, the same course of logic would have brought me to the same conclusion. The bishop has made great sacrifices, of friends, of influence, and of fortune, in taking his present position, but he counts them all trifling compared with the peace of mind which his conversion has brought to him. His case is not a solitary one. The English Church is constantly sending its best men to recruit here the ranks of the Jesuits. I have seen several distinguished preachers of that church, who are now here as students merely of the Catholic theology, though long passed middle life. I used once to think that the splendor of the Roman ritual would have great influence in making converts. But I find now that the fewest are attracted by that cause. It is the stringency of logic, compelling those who believe in Apostolic succession, which draws men from the younger back to the elder house of faith.

We are glad to find the late Bishop of North Carolina, Doctor Ives, treated with something like fairness and manliness, by a protestant clergyman. It will be recollected that Bishop Ives temporarily quit his Episcopate, the year before last, and made a visit to Rome. Soon after his arrival there, he renounced episcopacy, resigned his office as Bishop of North Carolina, refunded moneys his diocese had advanced him to enable him to pursue his travels; and threw himself into the embrace of the great head of the Roman Catholic Church. When this action was announced in this country, the apostatizing bishop was assailed with all kinds of detraction; and several of the gazettes asserted that he was insane, and had been a lunatic for years. One or two of them charged, that he was not only an apostate, but that he was, and had been for years, a bad and infamous man—that he had been addicted to gross licentiousness and vile indulgence of all kinds, and was a confirmed drunkard. It is only two or three weeks, since we saw it charged, in a Tennessee paper, edited by a clergyman, who is amenable to his bishop for the course of conduct he pursues, that Doctor Ives, had for several years, prior to his quitting North Carolina, indulged in "solitary intemperance"—that is to say, he had been in the habit of getting drunk at home, within the doors of his private cloister—and that he pursued this sort of conduct, till he exhausted his store of liquors, when he would emerge from his solitude, and visiting the low groggeries of the mountaineers, get drunk on the vilest whiskey that ever emanated from the still, and riot and play cards with negroes!

We paid no attention to the slander thus published and eagerly circulated; for, we knew that it originated in intolerance and that bigotry and thirst for revenge which sent John Hus to the stake, and finally sealed the martyrdom of the victims of Mary and Bonner.

Bishop Ives is a native of Connecticut; and was born almost within the sound of the bells of this city. He was liberally educated, and adopted the profession of a clergyman from choice, taste, and the prompting of habits begot in his infancy. He was one of the bright particular stars of the Episcopal church of the United States, till he adopted the creed of the Church of Rome.

Bishop Ives was self-convicted of what he believed to be erroneous opinions; and suffered himself to be convinced of, and converted to, the dogmas of the church of Rome. In doing this, he made infinite sacrifices of interest, pleasure, and the delights of that society, with which he had all the days of his life mingled. For the act he perpetrated, he is alone accountable to Almighty God and himself, and that church which he voluntarily abandoned. That church has published against him the ban of excommunication and ostracism, as it had a right to do; and there the matter legitimately should end.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

Papyri at Herculaneum.

They were first discovered in 1853, and are now deposited in the Museo Borbonico. Being rolled up in scrolls, they have the appearance of pieces of charcoal; and being piled up, it was only by accident that attention was directed to them, when Latin and Greek characters were seen upon them.—They are found reduced to a scorched state, not more substantial than tinder. The difficulty of unrolling them has been overcome by attaching to the back some gold-beater's skin, by a strong gum (as recommended by Sir H. Davy). A small portion of this (when fixed) is then gradually unrolled by hands attached to it, the scroll resting in a semi-cylindrical trough lined with cotton. The process can only go on at the rate of about one inch per day. Several volumes have been restored and published; they appear to be chiefly works of Epicurean philosophy. On the authority of one of them the "Economics of Aristotle" is decidedly ascribed to Theophrastus.—The majority are Greek. One contains a review of the Iliad, in which the heroes of Homer are considered as all allegorical. The Latin works are on a differently prepared and thicker papyrus. The name of the author never occurs till the end; hence the impossibility of ascertaining what they are until completely rolled.—*Scientific American.*

THE NEGROES OF JAMAICA.—Jamaica, as it is, under the favorite British policy of Manumission, is thus presented by Bishop Kipp, in a letter published in the Churchman, dated at Kingston—where the steamer on which he embarked for California stopped "to coal." "The streets," the Bishop says, "are crowded with the most wretched looking negroes to be seen on the face of the earth. Lazy, shiftless, and diseased, they will not work since the Manumission act has freed them. Even coaling the steamer is done by women. About a hundred march on board in a line with tubs on their heads, (tubs and coal together weighing about 90 pounds,) and with a wild song empty them into the hold. The men work a day and then live on it a week. The depth of degradation to which the negro population has sunk, is, we are told, indescribable. The inhabitants of Sodom were pure compared with them. 'Once,' said a gentleman to me, 'you did not see an untidy negro in the streets. Now, look at them!' pointing to a group of squalid wretches. This is the unvarying testimony of all the residents I have seen."

☞ A wag was one day speaking of two of his acquaintances who had gone west where the new comers were usually attacked the first season with the ague, and said he—

'Neither of those two men will be afflicted.'

'Why not?' inquired a bystander.

'Because,' was the reply, 'one of them is too lazy to shake, and the other won't shake unless he gets pay for it.'

☞ One of the best double puns we have ever heard, says the Yankee Blade, was perpetrated by a clergyman. He had just united in marriage a couple whose Christian names were respectively Benjamin and Ann.—"How did they appear during the ceremony?" inquired a friend. "They appeared both *annie-mated* and *benie-fitted*," was the ready reply.

☞ Falconri's "History of Madagascar" contains the following sublime prayer, said to be used by the people we call savages:—"O Eternal, have mercy upon me, because I am passing away. O Infinite, because I am weak. O Sovereign of life, because I draw nigh to the grave. O Omniscient, because I am in darkness. O All bounteous, because I am poor. O All sufficient, because I am nothing."

WALL OF CHINA.—In a lecture on China, which he delivered at Boston, recently, Dr. Brownrig said it had been calculated that if all the bricks, stones, and masonry of Great Britain were gathered together, they would not be able to furnish materials enough for the Wall of China; and that all the buildings in London put together would not make the towers and turrets which adorn it.

Prepare yourself for the world, as the athletæ used to do for their exercise; oil your mind and your manners, to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibilities; strength alone will not do.—*Chesterfield.*